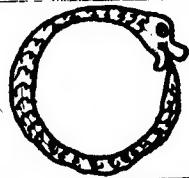






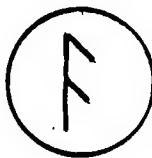
MIMIR



MIMIR

(feral dogs)

(genunga)



WILLIAM LINVILLE

1998

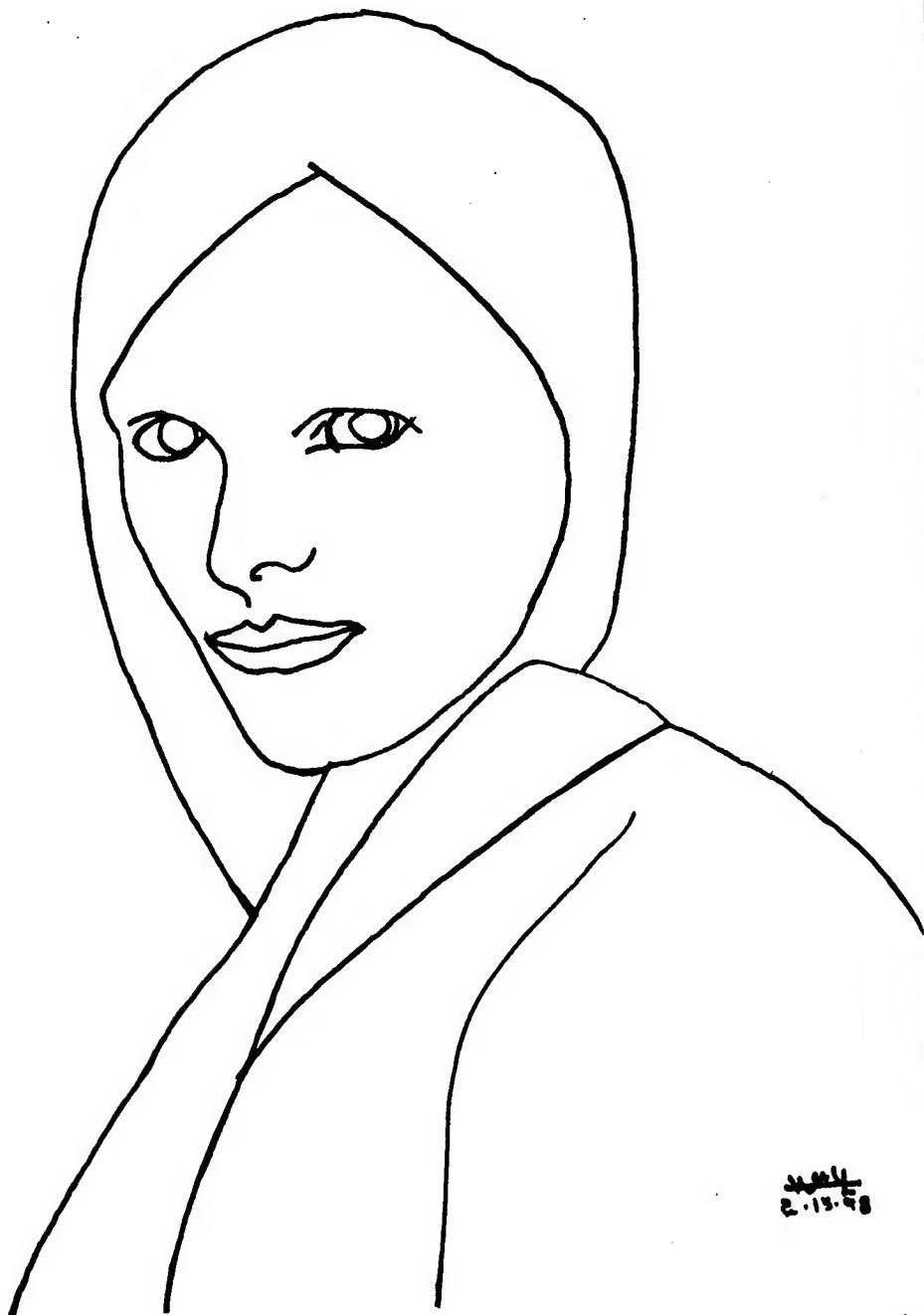


MIMIR by William Linville
Spring 1998
Art and Poetry

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Across the desolate link
radiant shapes
move in mist.
This is for them.

William Linville
Honolulu, Hawai'i
Spring, 1998



Anne's Echo

~~2-13-98~~
2-13-98



Mimir

The woman
gave him a picture,
a tiny airplane,
eternal empty ocean,
clouds and sky.

On the frame
was printed: "We".

You look at that,
it ought to be yours.

But looking at her,
there was no answer.

Mimir

The boy and the woman
spent hours on a train.

He was sick and feverish.
His throat was very sore.
He struggled.

Sit there and be quiet,
she was angry.

They were met
at the station.

Someone asked:
Is this him?

Mimir

Something
made him different,
strange,
unusual,
coached him
into himself.

They've
ruined him,
she said.

Mimir

Wood's leaves,
yellow and brown,
filled him
with lost.

He sat
in the midst,
certain of always,
accepting end.

But the man
was watching,
hidden.

Mimir

In blackness,
the child stolen,
in the forest,
under rotted leaves,
the deformed baby
dead.

Jarring motion,
the heavy car.

No one will ever know,
he is sleeping.

Mimir

Square windows,
rain and dark,
the car roaring.

He sat
on the folding seat,
the dark woman
tried to hold him
but he was afraid.

The man was silent,
difficult to see,
the boy slept.

He awoke
on the back seat
near the woman.

He cried so hard
they stopped
the car
and gave him
coca cola.

He could not see
the driver,
either.

Mimir

The one said:
you've got
a big mouth.

He examined
that metaphor
sitting alone
on the forest path.

I think
I don't understand
he whispered
against the howling.

Mimir

The food
had no taste,
fried potatoes,
canned beans.
They drank thick
bitter black
coffee.

He was sick
and when
they put him to bed
he dreamed of apples
and fresh ripe cherries.

Mimir

Their noise awakened him
and he saw the woman
eating
the man's penus.

Why are you hurting him?

They carried him
into the other room
and he slept
in a chair.

Mimir

He sat in the hole
the man had dug.

Wind moved clouds
across the sun
cool and bright,

The wood's shadows
became voices.

It opened to him
and he understood,

He was no part
of any of it.

Mimir

In the shop
he became lost.
He followed
a woman.

Outside on the street
she pushed him away.

He did not know
what to do.

Alone,
he watched
the rain beginning.

Mimir

Later,
the one told him
that he talked
like a girl.

He asked the woman:
pay no attention.

Mimir

No bathroom,
no toilet,
no one to talk with
except the woman.

She hated him:
be quiet,
stay put,
shut up.

Pushing him out,
she locked the door.

He sat
pressing back
against
the splintery wood.

Mimir

Dark and wet,
lost among trees:
are there wolves?

Of course,
the one said,
slipping away,
leaving him alone
to listen
to their howling.

Mimir

The man,
the woman,
the boy,
all slept
in one bed.

They awakened him
with their scurrying:

Go to sleep.

Mimir

The woman
stood on the porch.
The man
squeezed his hurryup arm,
pushing him to sit.

The man dug furiously,
swearing.

He took out his knife,
the woman's voice,
the child was dry of tears.

Mimir

But their eyes
are open.

Go back inside,
the man said,
they're dead.

Why?

I shot them.

Blood pooled
around soft forms.

The door slammed
on tears.

Mimir

The old woman
held the crying child.

The chair rocked,
the clock

She held him
to the window:
see,
they are shooting
the colonel.

Men crowded around.

She gave the sick child
peppermint.

Mimir

The woman
with her rake.

The boy ran
crying
help me.

In a rush
the one
pushed him.

In surprise
he felt
the softness
of the mud
under his knees.

Mimir

Sitting
on the fold down seat
again
he jumped up excited.

He leaned
against
the driver's back.

Someone take him.

The woman
in the dark fur coat
tried to hold him.

He was too big.

Behave,
we're almost there.

Flowers,
a bright beautiful day,
the cemetery.

Mimir

Pasted with newspaper
the bedroom
was a dance
of skeletons.

He was afraid,
he hated waking up.

He called for help,
no one answered.

He stayed in bed
most of every day
watching the light.

Mimir

Once,
when he awoke
the radio was
playing
Clair de Lune.

Without
opening his eyes
he said:
it's over, I'm home.

But the woman came
to get him out of bed.

Mimir

Be quiet,
I don't understand
half
of what you say.

Where do you get
such strange ideas?

Mimir

Go outside
and play,
be quiet,
leave me alone.

He went to the hole
the man had dug,
crouching there
to watch shadows.

Mimir

The one held him,
pretending
to wash his genitals,
squeezing his penus,
asking how it felt.

It hurt
to have the foreskin
pulled back

To have laughter
confused
with pain.

Mimir

Dark square cars
side by side
under
the heavy trees.

He stood between
with two
other women.

Two men came:
Is this him?

Yes.

They were well dressed
and happy.

Later, they called out
to each other.

Mimir (feral dogs)

King dog knows teeth,
tearing,
and jumping on.

But the boy's voice
inkles the puppy,

milk and petting
or salty blood?

In that fog
Fenrus stirs.

Mimir (feral dogs)

The well was dry.
It had not rained.
They carried water
in wooden barrels.
It smelled alcoholic

A stream crossed
the wood's path,
down slope,
fallen leaves,
water sound.

They told him
not to drink:
the woods
have poisoned it.

He believed them.

Mimir (feral dogs)

He wished for a stick,
but then
the dogs might attack.
He stood straight.

"With Anne gone
who can compare
with the risen sun?

Know I never compared,
'till now she's gone".

He was singing,
the dogs round him
in their circle
pointed their noses
at the sky.

Mimir (feral dogs)

He could not
break the circle.

To run
might answer
their question.

He kept his arms
at his side,
his voice low.

He rummages
for fragments,

Finding laughter,
he gives it
to them.

Mimir (feral dogs)

He was seven,
beginning school,
at the first beating.

But every day,
for eight years,
there was more.

His heart
subsided
deeply.

It was impossible
to know
what he might do.

Mimir (feral dogs)

He was seven,
beginning school,
at the first beating.

But every day,
for eight years,
there was more.

His heart
subsided
deeply.

It was impossible
to know
what he might do.

Mimir (feral dogs)

Dangerous
schoolyard voices,

The circle
of boys

Holding him down.

He made no sound,
they poured
a sticky softdrink
over his face,
nose, eyes, ears,
by handsfull
they heaped on dust,

Gritty, rust full
schoolyard color,

He was no longer human.

No one arrived
to rescue him.

They left him.

Mimir (feral dogs)

At school
two larger boys
took him
into the passageway
behind the church.

We hate you,
they beat him.

He didn't understand.

They took his coat.

Mimir (feral dogs)

In sweet morning air
he stood in the meadow.

The dogs sat around him
looking question
at each other.

More came
from among the trees.

He spoke
as if
they were children.

He did not
ignore them.

Mimir (feral dogs)

The one
undressed him,
squeezing his genitals,
putting fingers
into his anus,
laughing.

He ran
to hide
under the bed.

He said
he would tell.

They caught him,
made him stand naked
on the porch
while they
took his picture.

Mimir (feral dogs)

He was ten at school,
his classmates
threw him down
the metal outside
staircase.

He lay dazed
against
the streaming
drainpipe:

Stupid
clumsy boy,

Teacher dragged him
to his feet.

Mimir (feral dogs)

I know
that you are
a coward
who will not
defend yourself,
or me,
she repeated.

So much wasted.

He had not expected
to see her there
on the muddy path.

He went
to look again.

Mimir (genunga)

You are not
a team player,
the Dean said.

Your only skill
is making trouble,

You're fired.

He kept voice
and posture,

But they attacked.

Mimir (genunga)

The light
is so strange,
everything is
different,
will something happen?

Nothing can happen now,
He knew better.

Mimir (genunga)

She made him hold
the iron rail
at the foot
of the bed
while she inserted
the syringe
into his anus.

You're a coward,
it brought blood.

Mimir (genunga)

"My babe...my own child:
dreams again..."

"Thrush,
strikes like lightning
to hear him sing
glassy leaves and blooms
they brush
the sky's descending blue
with richness
all in a rush..."

"Stolen Lamb,"
said the whispers,
an angel, music,
a puzzle.

Mimir : (genunga)

"Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all enacting Might
That fashioned forth
 its loveliness
Had other aims
 than my delight."

He visioned a musician,
there among the trees,
he saw a figure.
A cello
praying for the dead.

Mimir (genunga)

Tears and solacing,
"....a flash of blue
 that might have been
 a bird
Grown soon to the calm sea
 sea's a calm sky
That seems to arc
Where nothing has ever occurred"

Anne,
are you only
the Queen of Heaven?

Mimir (genunga)

"...intellect no longer knows
Is from the Ought,
Or Knower from the Known...
Only the dead
can be forgotten...
But when I think of that
my heart's a stone..."

He awoke:
Anne...

Stop dreaming,
they said,
go back to sleep.

Stone...

Mimir (gerunga)

In his sleep
Ann reads to him:
"The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee
No lineage of ecstasy...."

"Parting is all we know
of heaven,
And all we need of hell...."

soft music at awakening,
then fear again
in the skeleton room.

Mimir (genunga)

"Dwell on her graciousness,
Dwell on her smiling,
Her brow creamy
 as the crested wave,
Her sea blue eyes...
 O Love, O Fair One..."

He awoke to silence,
The howling stilled.

Mimir. (genunga)

It's done,
he said,
not enough, too slow,
too careful, too exact,
too costly.

Who do you think you are?

Grey wind
shivers the forest
the stream
has frozen,

howling.

Darkening.

Mimir (genunga)

Among
the crystal petals
he sees
shapes moving.

Kneeling
on the muddy path
he sees
six ways opening.

He dips his hand
into the pool
and begins.

Mimir (genunga)

What is that music?
Schubert's Unfinished.

Why didn't
he finish it?

He died.

No,
not before
it was done.

Foolish.

Mimir (genunga)

Finally
they had him.

Circling,
snarling,
growling.

There is no weapon,
this is how it ends.
Isn't it?

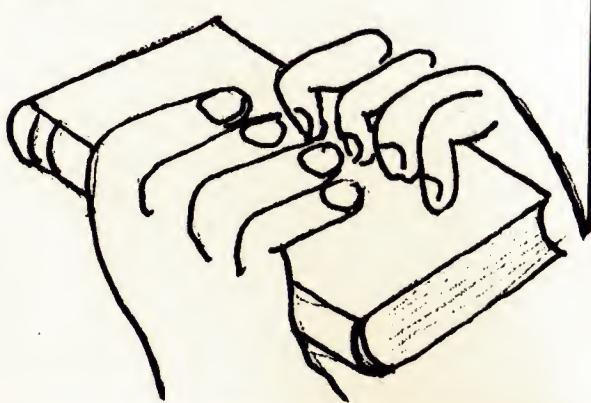
Fenrus Found

Mimir keeps the three streams
of knowledge from the pure fountain
at the roots of Yggdrasil.
Odin paid the blinding price for
knowledge before he came to Mimir.
Loki hid fire in that crystal.
The runes signify "self", "stasis",
and "movement". Time, self-direction.
discovery? Past, present, future?
Fenrus answers when you call.





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